

# The Widdows Rant, Or a *Wedding-Song*, upon Widdow *Jackson* in *Borthuicks-Closs*.

Composed by one of her own SEXES.

1. **A**LL ye Wifes in this Town  
Thats moved for your Men,  
And ye that puts on Mourning deep  
When they are dead for them;
2. And cryeth O my dear  
Since thou art from me gone,  
To no Man else I'll Wedded be  
But live single alone.
3. Detain your selves from sobs,  
And harken to my call,  
I'll tell you of a Chast Widow  
The Honour of you all;
4. It doth not much exceed  
A Moneth or five weeks space,  
Since she put on her mourning Weed  
And siegnd her face;
5. And so her Neighbour said,  
When she was Mourning sore,  
Ye are a Widdow now indeed  
And woe is us therefore.
6. Said she hold ye your peace  
And be not troubled sore,  
For though my man be freely dead;  
I am even as before;
7. For when he was alive  
Although he lay me near,  
Nevertheless a Widdow I  
Have been more then ten year.
8. But Notwith standing she  
For him hath tane such care,  
That sleep and rest is freely gone  
From her both late and air.
9. For which she did complain  
Unto the Pastor then,  
Because that for her Husbands death  
She was grieved with pain.
10. But yet her Neighbours dreads  
That she her self did fain,  
And say s it was but *Tam auld's Fleas*  
That made her seek the Men.
11. It's likewise said by some,  
That her Man's gan again,  
And others say that by his Grips  
They are sting to the Bayne.
12. But whither its because  
That she hath him forgot,  
That he is going through the Closs,  
This truly I know not.
13. Or if it be because,  
That she hath her Bed Cloathed,  
With coverings, and with other things,  
Which he hath wholly loathed.
14. Or if it be indeed,  
Because that she doth spend,  
The Mony on Beads, Kalls, and Rings,  
By which his Son should fend.
15. Or if in fine it be,  
That *Ale* raising their Brain,  
Makes them see three, where there, *s but two*  
Determine if ye can.
16. Nevertheless she hath  
A remedie procur'd,  
By which she may be freed from Fleas,  
And of their sting procur'd.
17. By finding out a Man,  
That of such things had Skill,  
As killing Fleas, and healing stings,  
Which tempted her most ill.
18. But as some ones doth Judge  
He plasters did apply,  
Before that he was Graduat,  
Fearing that she should dye.
19. But least that ye should doubt  
Of whom I have thus Rim'd  
I'll tell you Name, and Sur-name both,  
That I may ease your mind.
20. She is a Lustie Wife,  
and thinks her self no dross,  
Her Name's call'd *Nansie Cruickshanks*,  
She lives in *Borthuicks-Closs*.

F I N I S.